Harry to *Harry*, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarse:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Dowg. Thats the worst tydings, that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?
Ver. To thirtie thousand.
Hot. Fortie let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may serue so great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muster speedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Dowg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one haife yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Couentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers shall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Fals. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Fals. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all, I'le answere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Fals. If I be ashamed of my Souldiers, I am a sowst Gurnet; I haue misused the Kings presse damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse me none but good Housholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had ben askt twice on the Banes; such a commoditie of warme slaues, as had as leiue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuer, worse then a strook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I prest me none but such Tosts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their seruices: and now, my whole

whole charge consistes of Ancients, Corporals, L
Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *La*
painted Cloath where the Gluttons Dogs licked his S
such as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but discarded
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolte
and Ostlers trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world
peace, times more dishonourable ragged, then an ol
cient: and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of th
bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, th
hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come f
keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fello
on the way, and tould mee I had vnloaded all the gib
prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such Sk
Ile not march through *Couentry* with them, that's flat
the villaines march wide betweene the legs, as if they
on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison;
a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe s
Napkins tackt togeather, and throwne ouer the shou
Hearalds coate without sleeues; and the Shirt to say
stolne from mine Host of *S. Albones*, or the red-nos
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen en
uery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now madd wag, what a diuel
in *Warwick shire*? My good L. of *Westmerland*, I cry y
thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesbury*

West. Fayth, *Sir Iohn* t'is more then time, that I
and you too; but my powers are there already: the
tell you, lookes for vs all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a C
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy th
ready made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whose
these that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pittifull rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toste, food for po